

**But you told me that before me, you hadn't *really* laughed in months**

**Part I: Patience is vulnerability and I do not have time for such nonsense**

Colors that  
are boring,  
always sticky  
,giving nothing.

Give to me please,  
and then  
Leave.

Patience is vulnerability and I do not have time for such nonsense

**Part II: Fear because**

I don't have time to be broken.

I think I have too many thoughts, and I think it's because of all of the time I've been spending with you. My head feels cloudy;

The cloud rains and watches worries worries worries  
in a the reflection of the puddle it creates,  
grinding into my brain visions of your face, they meld into a big mush in which no ideas are distinguishable from one another and so focusing on anything is difficult.  
I think this is why I am so tired.

When I woke up this morning I felt like my heart was on fire. I actually thought, "my heart is on fire." Not a good fire--not figurative passion but literal burning pain.  
Weird how your heart actually hurts when you're "heartbroken."  
Weird how I'm heartbroken.

I can do well by being attentive and focused. I need to show up, keep my brain sober, and use my will-power.  
But how can I focus while in a constant state of defense?  
How can I not be defensive against these visions which make my life's responsibilities so difficult to execute?  
There's a way, I can do it.  
But you are grueling.

I feel fear because I need to be taken and stroked. I need for your hand to run over me like a rolling pin and release this tension in a cold wash. This gripping fear drowns my hopeful thoughts but my hopeful thoughts suspend me above the ground and threaten to drop me and let me break apart into pieces.

If I were to break into pieces their edges would be dull and they would not be beautiful like crystal but opaque and not preferred by you or I.

I fear because

### Part III: My hands feel dry and my head is taut with blood.

Then let's stop fucking and cuddling. You can use your other girls--your back-up girls--and I'll be an independent human and keep it together.

You'll be fine. Just collect some more females to text all day. Unlike you, I don't need constant validation and company. I get off on myself, I am a gift and I can get anyone I want.

My hands feel dry and my head is taut with blood  
I sit

### Part IV: Under a lense of shame

It's been a long day and night before I'm  
under a lense of shame  
and have manifested a humiliated tail  
tucked between my legs and  
my vision isn't focused on anything,  
which confuses me,  
because I don't understand how I can see if this  
is the case. I sit  
under a lense of shame where

### Part V: I have my life in my backpack

I come over almost every night after work. I have my life in my backpack,  
and it's a small backpack. I have makeup:  
tinted moisturizer, eyeliner, brow powder, eye shadow, two lipsticks, lip balm, lip gloss, and  
concealer

in a zip-up canvas bag that says *LOL* on it.  
I have my wallet, my keys, Tupperware, my work clothes.

I am an expert at ignoring my obligations and running to you and falling asleep in your arms.

I am an expert at curbing my growing devotion for you, even while both of your arms are wrapped around my body. You hold me all night,  
and when I roll over and face the wall you turn to spoon me.  
Your body loves me while your mind rests.

It means nothing. You must do this to the others.  
You're just a cuddler.

I remember you saying that you could never love someone like you loved your first girlfriend, or that your third was a flower you wanted to take care of--that you did anything to make her want to be with you.

I saw you text one of the other girls, "cuuuuuuutie."

I see other boys, too.

But you told me that before me, you hadn't *really* laughed in months.  
Sometimes, when we're alone, I kiss your face,  
and you whisper thank you, and  
last night I pretended to be asleep while you stroked my cheek.

## **THIS IS**

### Part VI: The way people in love do

Your eyes are dewy and your eyelashes are luscious little hairs, and when I think about the way they stick to one another I become an expert on nothing mattering but your details.  
Your inky skin and its shiny scars juxtapose its softness,  
even the bottoms of your feet are uncalloused.  
I sigh as I wrap my arms around your warm middle and run my fingers over your soft skin,  
and I adore the slight hair on your body.

The smell of your mouth is a trip, it affects my sense differently than other smells. It's not bad or sweet, it's you and it's all i want to smell. I press my face against yours and breathe you in, and I tickle my nose with the hair on your face.

We lay facing our eyes to one another and our noses are touching together. We have begun to look into eachother's eyes the way people in love do.

